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CYRUS P. GROSVENOR, Editor.

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From the New York Observer.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.

SECOND COURSE.

ARABIA.—CONCLUDED.

Choosing a Chief.—The office of chief of an Arab tribe neither conveys any emolument to the incumbent, nor confers any patronage. There is therefore none of that rivalry for offices, which is the inevitable attendant upon elections for office in countries where these inducements are held out. The chief is usually an elderly man, sober in his deportment, and given to hospitality. He neither is better fed, nor clothed, nor lodged, than any other member of the tribe. You may generally know the chief's tent by seeing a little red flag placed upon it, and by its being advanced a little before the rest of the encampment to the north, the point from which danger is most apprehended. The chief entertains all strangers; and when he dies, generally one of the elders is chosen to be chief. When a stranger approaches the tribe, the chief is sent out to receive him; his horse is taken care of, and himself introduced to the apartment of the chief; his wishes are immediately consulted, and a repast, the best that can be procured, is placed before him; and it is not until he has finished his meal, and all the duties of hospitality are attended to, that he is asked a single question by his host relative to himself, either the reasons of his journey, the length of his stay in the country, or in short any question that would imply the least curiosity. Once, when I asked an Arab chief the cause of this, he answered me thus:—“The Arab chief looks upon every stranger as a friend; every man, no matter what may be his nation, his color, his appearance or his station, as a brother; the fact of his being a stranger demands our hospitality; and, until he is a partner of that, he is not asked any question which might draw forth a reply that might tend to make his presence less welcome. Therefore the Arab always treats his guest as a man first, and then gratifies his curiosity afterwards. This is certainly a lesson which many more enlightened and cultivated nations would do well to learn from the Arab.”

Anecdote of two Arab Chiefs.—There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the great city of Bassora, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. Their enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enemy of another towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Montifee. It fell out, that the Pacha of Bagdad, being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief of the Anizees to send him forthwith 20,000 men; and the order was obeyed. The Pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Montifee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand of him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining attendance of the chief; and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. “I have taken you prisoner,” said the Pacha, “fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the Kurds.—If now you command that 10,000 of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, and you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet.” The chief looked the Pacha sternly in the face, and replied; “Your slight knowledge of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for 10,000 of my tribe, when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned; but as it is, my reply cannot be other than negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so: there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with fire, but when a prisoner, never!” The haughty Pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the Pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the Pacha. “I am come,” said he, “to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in open conflict, I should not have interposed; but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be the first to strike off his chains. There are 20,000 lances under my command, glancing under in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe.” The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, “We can-

now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should to each other; but you are now safe and with your own tribe, and ancient hostility is renewed.” With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the Pacha.

Sea Ports of Arabia.—At the head of the Red Sea stands Suez. Passing down thence you find the ports of Tor, Yumbo, Jeddah, Hodoudah, Loheia and Mocha. Suez derives its importance from its locality. Being at the head of the sea, it is the port of embarkation and debarkation to and from India. The town is to the isthmus of the same name what Panama and Portobello are to the isthmus of Darien. The inhabitants depend for supplies chiefly upon Egypt, except when fleets are fitted out and sent thither. Suez contains generally a population amounting to 5,000. Tor is a small seaport at the foot of Mounts Horeb and Sinai. It is very celebrated in that part of the country for the excellence of its waters. It is of very inconsiderable size and importance, having not more than 500 inhabitants. Yumbo, which is the port of Medina, contains about 5,000 people, and is of considerable importance on account of the immense caravans of pilgrims which come to it on their way to the shrine of the prophet. Jeddah is a large seaport for Arabia and contains a population of about 5,000. It is the place of embarkation for the holy city of Mecca. The people are exclusively Mohammedan. Hodeida and Loheia are particularly notable for their product of coffee, which is shipped in large quantities from Mocha, and has received all over the world, where it is known, the appellation of Mocha coffee. It is a singular fact, that though coffee in such immense quantities is shipped from Mocha, still none is consumed there at all. This is a departure from the custom of all other commercial people, who export only the surplus of their commodities, after having first supplied the market at home. For instance, here in America, you raise cotton and tobacco; but both these articles are extensively used in your own country, and only the surplus is exported to a foreign market. So in the West Indies, sugar and rice are the staple commodities; but sugar and rice form a large part of the food of the inhabitants. So tea is the product of China, and is universally used throughout every portion of that vast empire. But not so with the people of Mocha; they export all of their coffee, and use none at all themselves. They have a drink made from the outer bark of the coffee berry, which they deem the most delightful beverage in the world. The coffee itself, is heating and hurtful to the system in the extreme. I remember, when I was first at Mocha, hearing this drink very highly extolled; and the friend who was with me, as well as myself, imagined, when it was offered to us on our visit to the governor, that we were going to taste it. We did so; and then she enquired if ladies ever drank it. We told her that almost exclusively belonged to them, and that gentlemen generally received it at their hands. She then wished to know if the royal family ever drank it? This question being satisfactorily answered, she raised the cup to her lips; but scarcely had tasted a drop of this delicious beverage, when she dashed cup, saucer, spoon and all upon the floor; and with her beautiful countenance changed into the most hideous contortions, exclaimed, “Ye monsters, would ye poison me?” This to us was really amazing, that a cup of the very finest green tea, prepared with rich milk and sugar, should have caused her to so change her countenance and betray such extreme relish; but she afterwards said, that never had any thing half so nauseous entered her lips. Accordingly I made up my mind, and have since had many reasons to adhere to it, that we should always be as tolerant to our fellow beings in respect to tastes in eating and drinking, as we should be in matters of political and religious opinion.

Towns and Cities.—Some of the other towns are Aden, Busara, Muscat, Derry, Sam, Medina, Mecca, and Bagdad. Aden is the ancient port of the Phoenicians. Busara is the Balsora of the poet Milton, and contains about 20,000 inhabitants. It stands at the entrance to India.

Mohammed's Coffin.—The city of Medina is celebrated as the burial place of the prophet; and his coffin, which was never placed underground, rests upon a marble slab, and is covered with a new richly embroidered carpet every year. There is a belief in the minds of many, (how or when it originated I cannot tell,) that Mohammed's coffin is suspended in the air by some mysterious power; but this story is far from being correct; and such an idea would be laughed at in Medina.

Caravans to Mecca.—Mecca is the great metropolis of the Mohammedans; and although its resident population amounts to about 15,000 persons, still when the pilgrims arrive, there are as many as from three to five hundred thousand encamped around the city. At such times it is extremely lively and animated; but in ordinary times Mecca is a dull uninteresting place.

Mohammed well knew that unless some in-

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undertaking this long journey, it would soon

have fallen into neglect; so he allowed them

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trade is carried on, which proves generally to be very profitable to those who engage in it. But these pilgrimages conduce little to piety or devotion; for the Arabs have a proverb which runs thus: “If your neighbor has been once to Mecca, suspect him; if he has been twice, do not deal with him; if he has been three times make haste to remove out of his neighborhood.” I once fell in with one of the caravans journeying to Mecca, and being myself habited as a Mohammedan, wearing a long beard and speaking Arabic fluently, I was asked no questions, but naturally taken to be a follower of the false prophet. I therefore engaged in conversation with a man from Morocco; and after some time I proposed to him this question: “Did you ever suspect, that there is no real piety in making this pilgrimage?” He seemed surprised, but replied that he had not. Now said I, “You esteem fasting to be necessary to this duty?” He replied in the affirmative. “And the fast prescribed by the Koran is from sunrise to sunset. Now said I, “suppose I should convince you that there are certain portions of the globe where this would be impossible, where the people who attempted that fast, would all certainly perish?” Accordingly I showed him by a set of tables, which I had previously constructed, that in the polar regions the sun shines for six months, and is then obscured for the other half of the year. He saw plainly that this was true, and suffering the caravan to go to Mecca without him, he returned to Morocco not so good a Mohammedan as before.

Mohammedan Power.—After the death of Mohammed, Omar, his successor, took Bagdad, the renowned seat of the Khalifs; subjugated Syria; then went into Egypt, entered Alexandria, and burned the library; passing from thence, he subdued all the valley of the Nile, and carried his conquest to the straits of Gibraltar. Passing into Europe, Spain and Portugal fell under the sway of the Khalifs. They next conquered Hindoo-

not tell what ails her without seeing her tongue.” Before this could be consented to, we were caused to retire, that the lady might make up her mind. Soon, we were again summoned; and to our chagrin found that a hole had been cut in the upper part of the curtain, through which she now thrust her tongue. Not willing to be thus foiled, we now declared that without seeing the general appearance of the countenance, we could do nothing for her, for we should be unwilling to proceed upon an uncertainty. After much hesitation, she complied; and really I think her beauty had not been overtold. We now clearly saw that the motion of the vessel had caused her to become sea sick; and well knowing that rest and quiet would be the best means of restoring her, we thought we might venture to administer that which would certainly do her no harm, if it failed of doing good. We clanged to have with us a small caddy of a peculiar kind of an exquisitely flavored green tea, called the *Emperor's balsam*. We made a cup of this ready, and put in it some white sugar candy, which we had also from China; and having a goat on board which supplied us with milk, we produced a cup of tea for the princess, such as I am sure many an old lady of my acquaintance in England would walk ten miles to procure. This we carried to her; but she immediately said she did not like the appearance of it, and then wished each of us to taste it. We did so; and then she enquired if ladies ever drank it. We told her that almost exclusively belonged to them, and that gentlemen generally received it at their hands. She then wished to know if the royal family ever drank it? This question being satisfactorily answered, she raised the cup to her lips; but scarcely had tasted a drop of this delicious beverage, when she dashed cup, saucer, spoon and all upon the floor; and with her beautiful countenance changed into the most hideous contortions, exclaimed, “Ye monsters, would ye poison me?” This to us was really amazing, that a cup of the very finest green tea, prepared with rich milk and sugar, should have caused her to so change her countenance and betray such extreme relish; but she afterwards said, that never had any thing half so nauseous entered her lips. Accordingly I made up my mind, and have since had many reasons to adhere to it, that we should always be as tolerant to our fellow beings in respect to tastes in eating and drinking, as we should be in matters of political and religious opinion.

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stan; and, passing to the larger islands, brought Borneo, Sumatra, and Java under their control. Conquering all the East, they carried their dominion to the very walls of China itself. Thus did their power become even more extensive than the power of Rome itself, when in the greatest splendor. But this very extent of empire has tended to cause its downfall. It has been beautifully said by our Shakespeare:

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperseth to nought.
So with this power as with every other great nation, it has its time of infancy, its period of adolescence, of manhood, of maturity, of old age, of decay, and of death. This power is now rapidly decaying, and is every year becoming weaker and weaker.

ANOTHER LABORER GONE.
BROTHER LUTHER CRAWFORD, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, died at his residence in Brooklyn, L. I., on Wednesday, Feb. 13th, after an illness of about fourteen weeks. His age was a little over 32 years. His loss will be deeply felt by the church, and especially by the Board of Home Missions. We make the following extract from a brief sketch of his life and character in the *Gospel Witness*:

He was born in Alexandria, N. H., on the 14th day of Nov. 1806. He professed religion twelve years since, at the New Hampton Institution, in the state of N. H. He afterwards pursued a liberal education at Brown University. After graduating, he was ordained, but not immediately settled as a pastor, but was engaged one or two years, as a Sabbath School Agent, in the state of Rhode Island.

It was while thus employed, that he received a call to settle with the First Baptist Church in Portsmouth New Hampshire.

He continued with that church, as their pastor, about two years: when he received and accepted an appointment, by the A. B. H. M. S., as Associate Secretary with Dr. Going. He was thus engaged about two years—when the Senior Secretary resigned his office,—and our brother was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Society. It was while thus employed that he was taken sick about 14 weeks since.

A few words as to his character. As to his mind—his understanding was clear.—Those who were associated with him, as members of the executive board of the A. B. H. M. S. know well how wise he was in council, and how prudent in action.

The blessing of the peace maker was always with him. No unkind remarks escaped from his lips.

He was a mediator between brethren.

And knowing that a soft answer

turneth away wrath, he was accustomed to use the language of entreaty. He was cautious of wounding the feelings of others; and when his own were injured, he did not cherish the spirit of retaliation.

He was no trumperet of his own talents or services. But few public men labored more indefatigably than did he. Besides performing the numerous duties connected with his office, he was accustomed to preach nearly every Sabbath. He was benevolent, and ready to every good word and work.

If a plan of charity was presented to his notice,—and he thought it would be beneficial, he was prepared to promote it; especially did his charitable disposition make him liberal to the poor.

He was of a remarkably even temper.

His appearance in company was not cermemonious, but pleasant and cheerful; and in a word, he was an open, conversable and an entertaining companion; a polite gentleman, and a consistent Christian. His labors as a minister, are known to many. Few pastors preached more frequently, more acceptably, or, more successfully. His style of preaching was practical, original, and energetic.

A description of the closing scene of this good man's pilgrimage, may be expected.

Soon after he was taken sick his disease assumed a dangerous violence, and in a few days, it was supposed that he could not live.

He was informed of the fact. Afterwards he observed, that he had been examining his hope in Christ,—and his call to the ministry, and had come to the conclusion, that he was prepared for eternity.

On a certain Tuesday night, he exclaimed, “Oh, God never appeared so glorious to me before.”

Mrs. C. then asked him, if he did not feel that he should like to go and dwell with him?

“Oh yes, said he, who would not like to dwell with him?

He then observed, that God had manifested himself to him in a wonderful manner during his sickness.

He had felt more than he could express,

the state of his mind had been such, that he could not reflect much, but, he had enjoyed consolations which he never had experienced before.

On being asked how he felt about recovering, he said, he had good courage about getting well for several days;

but, if he was called to die, he felt willing to go; that the fear of death was taken away from him; he had not the dread of death which he formerly had.

He remarked, that he had been afraid that Mrs. C. had thought him unreconciled—but he was not, he was willing that God should order all things in relation to him, as he thought best.

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THE ATHENIAN CONVERT.

BY REV. E. H. CHESSAY, A. M.

Among those who listened to the stirring eloquence of the Apostle, was a young man of noble family, the only son of the city Archon. At first he was insensibly interested with the peculiar dignity, the unwonted zeal, and manly eloquence of the speaker. Gradually the light of the great argument he was illustrating, broke in upon his mind.—He felt how sadly the wild theories and dreams of philosophy had veiled from his soul the light of truth. The love and fervor of his heart had burned for immortality. Gifted with high intellectual powers, and with affections alive to the sweet influences of the grand and beautiful in nature, he had turned away from the creed of the Epicurean, which denied him immortality, and till now, had yearned—vainly yearned—for some faith in which his hopes could rest.—The eloquent and persuasive argument of the Apostle—the glorious truth of Christ crucified, which he had proclaimed in the synagogue and in the market-place, had lifted the veil, and let in upon his soul the light of immortality. It was like the beam light which fell upon the face of the sleeping Patriarch—it opened to him the glories of the heavenly world.

The Apostle spake his mission. Some turned away in the pride of intellect and the scorn of unbelief. Some had listened with the sneer of contempt, and passed from the humble ambassador of salvation to seek again the pleasures of luxury and pride. Some few had felt a conviction of the sublimity of the truths which he announced, and sought further acquaintance with the creed he professed. We trace the young man whose heart had yielded to the new truth of Christ crucified. The first struggle of light with darkness had passed away. The strong hold of error and prejudice was loosened from the heart, and truth, like a ministering angel, spread her wings around him. The Holy Ghost had set upon his soul the seal of peace and joy, and henceforth his heart and life were consecrated to the Lord.

The sun was sinking slowly from his pavilion in the west. His lingering gaze yet hung upon the pillar'd structure of the Parthenon, and the marble temples of the Acropolis. Upon green bank, just within the shade of a grove, sacred to Minerva, were seated the Athenian Convert, and Ianthe his betrothed bride. Around them were the stony mountains, the sacred wood, and the streams which the song of the bard and the romance of the poet had consecrated. The glories of Athens, the renowned—the light of Greece, the resort of the learned and the gay—were before them. The sound of the city's busy life and stir, mingled with deep and solemn music of the under-swell of the distant sea, came to their listening ears.

Ianthe spoke—"You can tell me, Cœlius, of a religion which brings immortality.—You say that when the soul quits its earthly abode, it still lives, and will live with renovated powers and enlarged capacities for purity and joy forever. Is this the new philosophy you have learned from the man whose eloquence and fervor you so glowingly describe?"

"Yes, dear Ianthe, so we believe. We are told assuredly, that 'this corruptible shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality!'"

"You remember, my Cœlius, my young sister, Iphigene, who died some summers since, when the flowers were beautiful, and the bright earth breathed forth her sweet incense. Even then, there were vague thoughts in my heart that we should meet again. I felt when she died, that

"The beautiful vanisheth, and returns not; but when I afterwards looked upon her calm face, over which had gone the change that passeth over all, I felt assured that there would be a re-union in some far and better world."

"And so it must be. Among the last sad words of him who gave his life a ransom for the lost, he told his followers that he went to provide for them a mansion, where they might dwell forever with him and the souls of those whom his suffering life and ignominious death had purchased from their sins. Immortal life—exempt from the weakness and sorrow of the present being—and the glorious communion of kindred souls will be ours!"

"And I can believe it, my beloved Cœlius. It is such a faith as the yearning heart most needs, when it has been rebuked by the unrest, and wounded by the sorrows of the present world."

In such converse, the hour of twilight wore to its close. Already had the song of melody been hushed in the grove, and the evening star gone up upon its watch when the Athenian convert and Ianthe returned to the city. May we not believe that the angels of heaven, who rejoice over the returning sinner, bat with joy from their glorious habitation, and smiled benignly upon this youthful pair, who, amid the allurements of wealth, the pride of place, and the corrupting maxims of so-called philosophy, had thus early yielded their hearts to the blessed truth of Christ crucified?

The creed of the Epicurean philosopher denied both the resurrection of the body, and the immortality of the soul. To this creed we have said, Cœlius could not confess. He felt too deeply, that the very aspirations and longings he cherished in his soul, claimed for it a richer boon than earth could give. No sneering argument from the Porch, nor labored reasoning of the schools were able to convince him that the soul would perish, when the garment which was folded around it, fell faded and worn. He felt within him the consciousness that it could not die; the glorious impulse, the far-reaching aspiration, that full and perfect comprehension of what is grand in nature, and divine in genius—which give the life to the cold creed of annihilation.

For the intellectual and more divine speculations of Plato, he had felt something of a sympathy and a passion; but in these was doubt which no reasoning could remove, and uncertainty which no ardor of faith could banish.

From his earlier years he had been devotedly attached to Ianthe. Beautiful as the poet's loveliest dream, and connected with

the most learned and noble families of the city, he had anticipated his union with her as the brightest event that could dawn upon his prospects. But in these cherished anticipations, there would come the blighting and withering idea, that in a few years the cold grave would close over them, and they would not be!—The fictions of the lying priests were vain. The gods of heathen worshippers were not the *saviors of the soul!* There was no power in the ostentatious rites and splendid ceremonies of his country's religion, to rescue the intellectual and moral part of his nature from the dominion of the grave.

Thus the victim of withering doubt, and yet cherishing the most fervent hopes, Cœlius by chance heard, as he was one day passing the market-place, the Apostle announcing that, through the gospel, "life and immortality were brought to light." From that time he was a constant attendant upon the ministrations of the Apostle. The simple truths and sublime prospects of Christianity were embraced by him with all the ardor of faith, and with all the confidence of the inexperience of other nations. England, Russia, and Sweden, &c., and his earnest desire appeared to be, that this odious vice might every where cease. He contrasted in the most flattering manner the peculiarly happy condition of our own country, to receive and profit by such a reformation, with the difficulties to be met and overcome in France, and passed a high eulogium on the character of our people.

I stated to the king, that I had been outside the barrier which surrounds Paris, and where the common people resort to drink wine, because there it is free of duty. "Ah, said he, there you will see drunkenness!"—And truly I had seen it there, in all its horrors and debasing effects, and *chiefly on wine*. I told him, that my guide had said that he thought that one eighth of the population of Paris were drunkards; his Majesty thought this too great a proportion. I repeated also another remark made by my guide, "that the king had done much for France when he shut the gambling-houses, but that he would do a still greater good, if he would stop the drinking of intoxicating drinks."

Before closing, I must in justice to my own feelings, express to you, how much I have been indebted to Gen. Cass, our minister to this court. You know that from the commencement of our efforts, he has been greatly interested in this cause, and always ready to give his testimony in favor of it. In my interview with the king, he seconded me most kindly and most faithfully, and to him, under God, I am indebted for the favorable reception I receive. I hope to return to America some time next year, but shall be governed by circumstances.

Truly and affectionately,
Your friend, EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

should like to write you a long letter on abolition, but I sail for China in a day or two. My heart is with you. I love abolitionists, notwithstanding their faults, many and great.—Who knows not that all men and all parties have faults? If I may love none but the perfect, what shall I do with my afflictions? I remember that reformers have usually been rough and unpopular men—I remember that even Clarkston and Wilberforce, were hated by their contemporaries. I remember that even Clarkson and Wilberforce, were odious until they triumphed. It is great good to sacrifice reputation, if need be, upon the altar of benevolence. You do this—for most of you are too obscure to hope for posthumous fame. The world, therefore, so far as reputation is concerned, is dark indeed before you. Contemporaries abhor you—posterior will not know you with the exception of a few names. I speak of course of individual renown. As a party, you cannot be forgotten so long as there is ingenuousness enough upon the earth to do reverence to the spirit of the reformers and the puritans. I need not say to you, Go on—the voice of the feeble is not needed to encourage you, when the voice of the mighty have not for a moment made you falter in your course. The cry of the oppressed has come up, and you will not cease to plead their cause. But I must stop for want of time. From Canton you will probably hear from me.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES T. DICKINSON.

SABBATH SCHOOL IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

At the Park-street Sabbath school, in Boston, Jan. 27, a gentleman was requested to make a few remarks to the children; when he observed, in substance, that he had great reason to feel an interest in Sabbath schools—he hoped they had been the means of his conversion. He had lived regardless of religion, until he was about nineteen years old; he then determined to become a sailor, and he passed through different offices, until he became captain of a ship. During one of his voyages he arrived at the Sandwich Islands. As soon as his ship was anchored, a missionary came on board, and invited him to go and see the Sabbath school. When he came there, he saw a large number of the natives, divided into classes, with their teachers diligently instructing them in the Word of God. His attention was particularly drawn to an old grey-haired man, probably 70 years of age, who was striving with all possible attention to learn the A, B, C; and when he got the sound of two or three letters, he would try to put them together and make a word, so that he might be able to read. At last, he got discouraged and said, "I must give up—I shall never be able to read the Word of God." He was too old, it was too late. The captain said, this affected him to tears—the thought of his own privileges, his neglect of the Bible, when he had been so long unable to read it, and the distress of the poor old man, that he should "never be able to read the Word of God"—such reflections as these brought him to the determination that he would neglect the Bible no longer; and he hoped that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, he had not studied it in vain.

The captain further observed, that during another voyage he touched at one of the Sandwich Islands, and when he went on shore he found that there was but one missionary there, and he was sick. He observed to the captain, "My dear sir, the Lord is doing a great work here; the people are coming to me from the mountains and the valleys, inquiring what they shall do to be saved. I am sick and cannot go among them, and the Sabbath school teachers have to instruct them as well as they can." This intelligence was communicated to the new converts held out in their religion, when he told them they were the most exemplary, active Christians in his church.—*S. S. Visiter.*

LETTERS FROM BURMAH.

We believe it is generally conceded that the Baptist mission in Burmah is among the most successful and best conducted enterprises of the kind known in modern times, and those engaged in it are highly honored for their zeal, devotedness, and singleness of heart in their work. The following letter conveys to us the gratifying information that these excellent brethren have their eyes turned to see and their hearts opened to feel in behalf of the oppressed millions of their own countrymen at home, as well as the less injured but more benighted heathen in their field of labor. The papers ordered will be sent as directed, together with some specimens of our most important publications, especially the Emancipation in the West Indies, Elmore Correspondence, &c. How their hearts will rejoice at the glorious recent news of the outpouring of God's spirit upon their beloved brethren in faith and labor in the island of Jamaica, of which our columns have recently spoken.

TAVOY, August 31, 1838.

Dear Brother Williams,—As some of the Financiers published by you have found their way to this place, and been read with interest, I have been requested to write for the paper for a number of individuals here, who wish to have it sent to my address. If convenient, I should like to have you send them to *Boston, care of Dr. Bolles*, free of postage. As there is only vessel leaving Boston every three or four months, and you will be pleased to send the bundle of papers by some private conveyance so as to avoid the postage.—Enclose an order on Hon. H. Lincoln, for the amount of one year's subscription, which is all I have been paid for, when you will please discontinue, unless you hear from me again.

I should like to write at large, but have not time. I hope, the time is not far distant, when the oppressed throughout the world, whether oppressed by men or the devil, will be emancipated, and the latter day glory fill the world. The members of our little Zion are in good health at present, and all of us at work endeavoring to aid in the demolition of the empire of darkness. The cause prospers.

Wishing and praying that the Lord will prosper and bless you in all your efforts for the spiritual and everlasting benefit of mankind. I am, dear brother, yours,

C. BENNETT.

LETTER OF A MISSIONARY.

The writer of the following letter, Rev. JAMES T. DICKENSON, American missionary to China, was formerly a devoted pastor in Norwich, Ct., until he was drawn, by Christian benevolence, to offer his services to the American Board of F. M. for China. Before he left his charge in this country, he preached and published an admirable sermon on slavery, which, we are glad to see, has recently passed into a second edition. That those who truly feel a benevolent concern for the welfare of heathen nations must feel an equal concern for the wretched slaves at home, would seem to be an unavoidable conclusion. And nothing could prevent the multiplication of such testimonies, but the ignorant and systematic misrepresentations with which the religious press in this country has sought to disparage and defeat the efforts of the abolitionists. The same reason, we doubt not, more than any thing he himself sees, has led our beloved brother Dickinson to express his "notwithstanding" in the strong and indiscriminate language of the *Newburyport Herald*.

MORTALITY IN THE WEST INDIES.—It appears from a report of a British medical officer, that in 30 years, more than 30,000 soldiers have perished by the yellow fever and other epidemics peculiar to these islands. Consequently, in this short space of time more than four times the whole force has been cut off by disease alone, and the average duration of every soldier's life has been only seven years and a half.

Melancholy Accident. It is with deep regret we have to notice the death of Mr. John Colby, of Salisbury Point, yesterday forenoon. He was assisting in unloading some heavy timber from some cart wheels, when a stick accidentally slipped and fell upon his head and breast, with such weight and force as to crush him instantly to death. His head and breast were literally jammed to pieces.

Newburyport Herald.

Says JONATHAN EDWARDS: It is as really wicked to rob a man of his liberty, as to rob him of his life; and it is much more wicked than to rob him of his property.

To hold a man in a state of slavery, is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty, or of man-stealing.

Says SAMUEL HOPKINS: Slavery is in every instance wrong, unrighteous, and oppressive; a very great and crying sin—there being nothing of the kind equal to it on the face of the earth.

SPEECH OF MR. MORRIS.

ON THE RIGHT OF PETITION.
IN SENATE, January 10th 1839.

Mr. Morris, on presenting the petition of sundry citizens of Brown County, Ohio, said, he had received a petition with the request to present the same separately and alone; it contained the words slavery and slave trade, and those words but once repeated; he feared, however, that it would fall under the practice of the Senate, and meet the same fate that other petitions containing the same words had done; that he would, however, avail himself of the opportunity, to submit a few remarks to the Senate, and which motion he should make in courtesy to the Senate, and not as a right existing in the body to require it. He had before him the constitution and the rules of the Senate, both of which would sustain him in the course which strict duty would require him to take on the present occasion. He would first distinctly state, that he and those who thought with him on this subject, waged no war upon the laws and institutions of the state; the over-grown and unsatisfied power with which they were contending, had attacked them within their own borders. It was in self-defence, in defence of all that was valuable to the honorable mind, that they were now compelled to act. It was in defence of political liberty, and the important and inherent right of petition, that they felt themselves pressed forward in this contest. And the first question he would consider, was, who have the right of petition? Does it belong to the many, or to the few? Has it any want of exclusiveness in its nature, to prevent its equal enjoyment by all? Will the legislative bodies of the country (and he spoke with reference to states as well as to this government,) create an aristocracy of rights, as they had an aristocracy of wealth? Shall the right of petition be tested by color, or by property? Either would be a gross assumption of power, and a palpable violation of right. He considered any human being, capable of acquiring property, and upon whose person the laws could operate, and was susceptible of feeling and sufferings, entitled to the full and unrestricted exercise of that right. A contrary doctrine he held to be not only odious, tyrannical and despotic in its nature, but in direct derogation of the fundamental principles of our government. Yet this pretended right of judging, by legislative assemblies, who shall petition, is finding advocates. Its exercise is an assumption of power having neither reason, truth, nor common sense for its support. No one has any just right to say, who among our people shall enjoy that right, or for what he shall petition. This unjust claim, he feared, was spreading its baneful and blasting influence through the country, and if newspaper information was to be relied on, was made a solemn question of debate in the Legislature of his own state. Men of talents, worth and respectability, had questioned the right of the colored man, on the ground that he was by the constitution deprived of the right to vote, and of course could not instruct the General Assembly, or any of its members. He deplored that such doctrine had found support in any state; and he had read with feelings of deep mortification and regret, of its advocacy in Ohio. So strange and so absurd did the objection appear to his mind, that he immediately applied to some of his brother Senators here, from the slave states, to know if it was the practice in the General Assemblies of their states to refuse petitions from free persons of color, for the redress of any grievance under which they might suppose they labored, and he was assured such was not the case; but that persons of this description were allowed to petition as other citizens, and their petitions were received as a matter of right. And he asked to be corrected if wrong in this position. Indeed, one gentleman had said to him, "Why sir, we allow our slaves to persuade us that they ought to be free." These sir, are noble sentiments, and honorable feelings, worthy of the land of Jefferson, in the day when his hand was penning the Declaration of Independence. A contrary doctrine, however, is now held and advocated by a class of small politicians, who, like insects, have sprung from the corrupt and agitated waters of party spirit and party drill; mere summer flies, who buzz round the circle of power, and draw a precarious and short-lived existence from the putrid mass of prejudice, which interest has created, to keep the colored race in bondage. Politicians who would make the lacerated back of the trembling slave a hobby to ride in office, if no other would suit their purposes as well. He had no language to express his feelings with regard to such men, and the doctrine they held; and it was better perhaps he should not; but he would say, that it must be a most mean and contemptible government which would subject a man to the operation of its laws, tax his property for its support, and then refuse to hear his petition. Such practice would be a refinement of despotism, of which modern Europe could not boast. Yet in some of our Free States, this doctrine is advocated, and that too by many who profess to be republicans. It was a republicanism beyond his conception, and one he did not understand; that we should tax a man for the support of government, and then, because he is black, or yellow, has a curly head, a flat nose, or thick lips, petition from him shall not be received by the Legislature. Government could not, in his opinion, be guilty of a greater act of tyranny and more gross injustice than this. The philosophy and patriotism of the advocates of such doctrines, begin and end in the assertion, that a negro has no constitutional right to petition, because he has not the right of voting at elections; and because he has no political rights, they deny him natural rights. What a bright thought is this; and what morality and philanthropy must dwell in the heart which conceived it—a heart arrogant beyond description, and presumptuous beyond belief. The negro is not only permitted, but invited to approach his Maker by petition, and implore deliverance from existing evils, while his fellow man, who has power over him, refuses to hear his petition, and in the mean time, raises a contribution from his property and labor, to pay the fees of the official station which he fills—not having the right of representation, as a necessary consequence of paying taxes, is a sore grievance; but taxing, where the right of petition is denied, is gross injustice, and high-handed despotism. Well it has been said, "That man, vain man, dressed in a little brief authority, plays such franties before high heaven, as makes e'en angels weep." Sir, said Mr. M., the advocates of such doctrines as I have mentioned, are, in my belief, lovers of negro slavery, in its worst form; tyrants in heart, and enemies to the human race. This monstrous doctrine, he feared, most abounded in the free states; but he trusted its mushroom growth would be of short duration. It was a public prop injudiciously applied by public hands, to sustain the tottering institution of slavery. He remarked that the Senate, from what he had said, must not suppose that he was about to present a petition from any of the colored people. No, this is not the case. The petition was from free white citizens of his own state, residents of the county of Brown, many of whom he knew personally, and could bear witness to their respectability and patriotism. They were persons of piety and intelligence; not fanatics or incendiaries, but men who loved their country, and what they would that others should do unto them, they were willing to do unto others; and though some of the signers were ladies, he considered that as giving the petition additional force.

LEGISLATURE OF OHIO. THE SENATE BILL PASSED!!

The Cross and Baptist Banner, of March 1,

published at Columbus, says,

"The Fugitive bill has passed both Houses

of the Legislature, by large majorities, in a

form which, we presume, will be perfectly sati-

sfactory to the wishes of Kentucky. Accord-

ing to its provisions, every one who harbors,

or in any way aids a fugitive slave, is subject

to a penalty of five hundred dollars, and six

months imprisonment. The passage of the bill

was warmly opposed by a few, especially in

the Senate where the discussion was pro-

tracted on one occasion through the whole night,

until 7 o'clock in the morning. With regard

to the practical effects of the bill, we have our

doubts about its accomplishing the object in-

tended. We should be surprised if the severi-

ty of the penalties will not, in most cases, pre-

vent their infliction; at any rate, we think

many slaves will escape for a time."

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
BY HIS EXCELLENCY
Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:
A PROCLAMATION,
FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC
FASTING, HUMILIATION, AND PRAYER.

WHEREAS, the season of the year has arrived, at which it has for a long time been customary in this Commonwealth, to set apart a day for PUBLIC RELIGIOUS EXERCISES, I do, in conformity with this ancient and salutary practice, with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-eighth day of the present month, to be observed as a day of FASTING, HUMILIATION, and PRAYER.

The people of the Commonwealth are requested to lay aside their accustomed occupations on that day, and, assembling in their usual places of Public Worship, unite in appropriate acts and expressions of Penitence and Supplication.

Let us on this occasion make humble confession of our aggravated sins, as individuals and as a community, and supplicate forgiveness of a merciful and just God, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

And while by sincere penitence we seek to obtain the pardon of our past offences, let us implore the continued mercies of our Heavenly Father; more especially,

That He would vouchsafe to us the accustomed blessings of Providence through the year that is opening upon us, and direct to the supply of our wants the wonderful elements and agencies of the natural world, which, touched by his omnipotent hand, is again starting into life;

Let us supplicate His blessing on our beloved country, that He would be pleased, notwithstanding our unworthiness and ingratitude, to continue to us the privileges which have hitherto distinguished us as a people;

That He would in a special manner, watch over our ancient Commonwealth;

That He would prosper the people in all the branches of honest industry;

That He would give efficacy to all the means and instruments of reformation, benevolence and knowledge;

And that He would increase the influence of Divine Truth over the hearts and minds of men, and make it powerful to correct, purify, and elevate the character of the people, so as to render them more worthy of their blessings, as the heirs of an immortal hope through Jesus Christ.

And I earnestly recommend that the observance of the day be regarded not as an empty form, but as an incumbent duty; and that it be kept in all respects with the seriousness becoming the objects of its appointment.

GIVEN at the Council Chamber in Boston, this first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-third.

EDWARD EVERETT.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the council.

JOHN P. BIGELOW,

Secretary of the State.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Christian Reflector.

"Charity rejoiceth in the Truth."

WORCESTER:

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1839.

CONGRESS.

However others may regard it, we believe that the Supreme Legislature of a nation is amenable to God for its conduct, and as strictly as the humblest citizen. If the Wan spirit is not to be indulged by an individual, the same spirit is wrong in Congress.

If I may not seize a cudgel and beat my neighbor, when he encroaches upon my territory, but must seek redress for the wrong he does me, by an appeal to the constituted authorities, so Congress may not righteously cudgel off those who encroach upon our national territory, but ought to appeal to a HIGHER POWER.

If here it is objected that the government of God over the world is not acknowledged by nations, and therefore, it is foolish to talk of an appeal to Him in such case, let the objector consider that the same objection may be raised and urged by individuals against their appeal to any higher authority than themselves, viz. that they are both rebels against the government of the state, and therefore they are doing morally right to settle their quarrel by the power of the cudgel. This is the real "No Government" system.

If "the powers that be are ordained of God," and, therefore, ought to be obeyed, surely God himself ought to be obeyed, He being the source of all rightful authority. But the truth is, the pretended Divine authority of human government, in the mouths of most men, is nothing more than a *pretence*, got up for the express purpose of blinding the people, in order that the human government may be allowed to do, under cover of this assumption, what God prohibits.

This subject at this crisis ought to be thoroughly examined, that every citizen may know whether it is his duty to obey man rather than God.

Our Congress have done much the same thing as to declare war with Great Britain; and for what cause? Why, some of the subjects of the British government have encroached a little on a piece of land about which a dispute has long existed whether it properly belongs to one or the other nation. It once belonged to the Indians, and they have never given a deed of it to either nation. This is a quarrel then between two robbers about a certain minute remnant of the booty which they have conspired to wrest from its rightful owners. This is the plain English of it, and now we are going to war, to the *cudgels*, about it to reap a harvest of glory in the field of blood.

Go ye who will. We will have no part nor lot in all this ungodly contest.

Another point. At the close of the late session, Congress had the daring to encroach on the sacred Sabbath, an institution of God, on which he has forbidden all men to transact worldly business, requiring that all men keep the day holy. The excuse that they had not finished the business of the session on Saturday and that they must do this on the Sabbath or leave it undone, is just as valid as the excuse of two mechanics in partnership who might have engaged to finish a certain job by the fourth of March, and because they, through negligence and useless wrangling with each other during the winter, had not completed it on Saturday, they claimed the right to desecrate holy time in order to fulfill their engagement. In the form of a conversation between Uncle Austin and his two nephews. The dialogue at the present moment. As the meeting is to be held so near the centre of the County, it is hoped that very many from the North Division will be there.

A short meeting on a great subject will be held by BAPTIST ABOLITIONISTS, immediately after the first day's morning session. Such are invited to attend from every part of the state and from other states, to consider the question of a BAPTIST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Eight persons of one family, at La Grange, Tennessee, were recently poisoned to death by drinking cider from a barrel in which a serpent, about 2 feet long and much decayed, was found.

Happy would it be for multitudes, if there were not a deadly reptile in every cider barrel and every rumous hoghead and wine cask in the world. Thousands are poisoned and die every year, by drinking of these liquors.

A large meeting of the mechanics and working men was held in Utica, N. Y. Feb. 19, at which, very properly we think, able resolutions were passed against the practice of employing state-prison convicts on canals and other public works.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

Comparatively few seem yet to have conceived of the nature and object of Church Discipline. It cannot be doubted that it had its origin in the same benevolence which founded the Church and bestows upon the sinful and undeserving the richest of blessings. Its nature is, therefore, of necessity purely benevolent. In it is lodged no tyrannical power—no power of domination by one part of the Church over another. Its exercise is fraternal. It is intended to cherish the best feelings of the sanctified heart. When properly exercised, it increases the attachment of brother to brother, and is never chargeable with producing those dreadful alienations of feeling which are too often witnessed in the Churches, and which give the world occasion to exclaim with a bitter derision, "See how these pretended brethren bite and devour one another!" If a brother errs, it kindly corrects the error—if he falls, it stoops in tears to lift him up.

How different is that cold, austere and cruel spirit which singles out and pursues a brother with relentless persecution. This spirit is by no means confined within the walls of the Papal Inquisition; but often builds an inquisition within the purloins of that brotherhood of which Jesus himself condescends to account himself a member, when he says—"This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you. . . . Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. . . . Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." How discordant with this spirit, are all those scenes of animosity, with which the church is vexed, when the Pastor, or the Church, assumes a proud supremacy, and seizes the iron rod of power over a defenceless member. Such supremacy and power are not committed to any erring mortals by the Prince of Peace; but they are often usurped by them; and it is, then, if ever, tender mercy emphatically becomes cruel. If the professed disciples of Christ desire to promote the great and holy and benevolent cause they have espoused, let them cultivate in their own bosoms that humble charity which ever stands ready to forgive, but never to persecute.

SOUTH DIVISION.

We hope, the friends of the Slave will not only take particular notice of the advertisement in this paper, of the Annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of Worcester County, South Division, but also be diligent in calling the attention of others to the duty of attending it, and be sure to be present themselves. Let the time and place be so marked that neither can be forgotten.

Our slumbering energies need to be aroused by an uncommon effort. The Slaveholder and his abettors are on the alert; let them not find a single abolitionist napping. The most important subjects require discussion at the present moment. As the meeting is to be held so near the centre of the County, it is hoped that very many from the North Division will be there.

A short meeting on a great subject will be held by BAPTIST ABOLITIONISTS, immediately after the first day's morning session. Such are invited to attend from every part of the state and from other states, to consider the question of a BAPTIST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

On the 19th Feb. a Baptist church was constituted in Amity, Maine, of 19 members.—Zion Advocate.

A Baptist church was constituted at Woodstock Vt., Feb. 12th; and the same day one was added to the church by baptism.—Vt. Telegraph.

ORDINATION AT WESTFIELD.

Rev. CHARLES VAN LOOS, of the First Baptist Church in Albany, was ordained pastor over the Central Baptist Church in Westfield, Mass., on Wednesday the 27th of February, by an Ecclesiastical Council convened for that purpose in that place. Order of exercises as follows: The divine blessing invoked on the deliberations of the Council, by Rev. Mr. Batten of the Methodist church. A public examination of candidate, relative to christian experience, ministerial call, and views of scriptural doctrine.—Invocation on ordination services, by Rev. Mr. Davis, of the Congregational church. Rev. J. Higby read appropriate passages of Scripture; Prayer before Sermion, by Rev. Mr. Root; Sermon by Rev. J. L. Hodge, first church in Albany; Ordaining Prayer, bro. Doolittle; Charge, bro. Hodge; Right hand of fellowship, bro. Higby; Address to Congregation, bro. Bachelder; Concluding Prayer, Rev. Mr. Clark, of the Congregational church Stockbridge; Benediction by the Candidate. Notwithstanding the extremely bad travelling, the house was well filled, and the audience appeared much interested during the protracted services of four and a half hours. May I not, through the Secretary entreat of my brethren in the ministry to study brevity in the several parts assigned them on such public occasions. It seems sometimes as though brethren were determined to say all they can think of.

H. D. DOOLITTLE, Clerk of Council.

Extract of a letter from Elder William Harris.

BEDFORD, Feb. 26th, 1839.

I have not much news of importance to detail, other than the Lord is still with us at Hunting Creek church. At our last meeting there were betwixt 20 and 30 persons who appeared to be deeply concerned for the salvation of their souls, and the church seemed also to be revived. In other churches where I labor, there are some indications that the Lord is operating by his Spirit on the hearts of the people. Oh that the Lord may make bare his arm in our behalf.

Rd. Herald.

FIRE.—The cotton factory at East Williston, N. H., owned principally by Abraham Whittemore, Esq., was destroyed by fire on Tuesday 5th instant, with the greater part of its contents. Loss \$12,000—no insurance.

RAIL ROAD TO TEMPERANCE.—We learn from the Georgia papers that the Central Rail Road is now completed for a distance of seventy miles from Savannah to Temperance, carrying nearly an average of 100 passengers per day.

We wish there were a Rail Road of like name in New England. There are passengers enough to support it richly, if they could only be persuaded to travel upon it.

We cannot too sensibly feel the importance of prayer from the pure and holy motive stated above. If we should not lose sight of the divine glory in eating our usual meals, and drinking our usual draughts, should we when we pray?

It was only when actuated by this motive, that ancient saints "had power with God and prevailed."

Israel had perished, for any thing we can tell, had not Moses and Joshua inquired before the Lord, with such pathetic emphasis—"what will become of thy great name?"

But for the sentiment of David's prayer expressed in the language—"Not for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies"—he had not prevailed with Jehovah.

The holy desire that God may be honored by giving, must render us fervent before his throne, or we "ask amiss."

Death from a Railroad Car.—On Thursday night, as the Philadelphia train was passing Rashway to Elizabethtown, when within a mile or two of the latter place, the Engineer felt a jerk of the cars, which satisfied him that some obstacle had been encountered. He checked the train as soon as possible, and on going back, found the mangled corpse of a colored woman, with a jug of rum by her side.

Henry Sheldon Collins of Westfield, Mass. a member of the Senior Class of Yale College, was drowned, on Saturday, in New Haven Harbor, by the upsetting of a sailboat. He was twenty years of age, and an only son.

WORCESTER SOUTH DIVISION. JVY. TI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A Quarterly Meeting of the Worcester South Division Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in the Town Hall, at Leicester, the Third day, (Tuesday,) the 19th inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M. A choice of Officers is to take place, and it is desirable that all who feel an interest should be present. Other business of importance will come before the meeting, and it is expected several able lecturers will be present.

EDWARD EARL, Secretary.

Worcester, 3d mo, 6, 1839.

P. S. All Societies in this Division are requested to call meetings forthwith, and appoint representatives to this meeting.

NOTICE.

The Ladies Moral Reform Society will hold their next meeting at the house of Mrs. Martha R. Bixby, Thomas Street, on Tuesday afternoon, March 19, at 2 o'clock.

MARRIED:

In this town, March 5, by Rev. Mr. Smalley, Mr. Russell Ellis, to Miss Mary May.

In Leicester, March 7, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. John Birley of Millbury, to Miss Mary Bradbury.

In Hardwick, by Rev. Mr. Goldsbury, Mr. Phillip Grant, to Miss Lucy Barnes.

In Wrentham, by Rev. Mr. Ripley, Rev. Mr. Wm. Butler, to Miss Sarah Smith.

At Woonsocket Falls, Feb. 28, by Rev. Mr. Waterman, Mr. Osman Hathaway to Miss Lois H. Holbrook.

In Lowell, by Rev. J. Ballard, Rev. Jonathan E. Furbush of West Wrentham to Miss Eliza Hunt of Lowell.

S. H. COLTON.

H. J. HOWLAND.

Worcester, March 6, 1839.

PROBATE OFFICE, March 5, 1839.

To all persons interested in the estate of JOSEPH FULLER, late of Holden, deceased.

GREETING.

YOU are cited to appear at a Court of Probate, to be held at Worcester, on the first Tuesday of April next, to show cause why the Administrator's account of his administration of said Estate should not be allowed.

CHAS. G. PRENTISS, Reg.

MULBERRY TREES & CUTTINGS.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBER.

THREETHOUSAND CUTTING'S Morus Mul-

ticanae Trees. 5000 Canton Multicanis, so

called: The Canton are said to stand our winters by those who have grown them, and are second to none for richness and quantity of foliage.

Also, 10,000 of the Alpine and other varieties used by the Silk growers, who recommend growing a variety to change the feed to their worms, as it tends much to their health and growth. Satisfactory evidence of their genuineness will be given to purchasers.

GEO. W. WHITE.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES.

Lincoln Grove, Worcester, Feb. 28. t.

IMPORTANT PAMPHLET.

HOLDEN SLAVE CASE.

JUST published, a "Report of the Holden Slave Case, tried at the January Term of the Court of Common Pleas, for the County of Worcester, A. D. 1839." Published by the Board of Directors of the Holden Anti-Slavery Society.

(For sale at the Book-Stores. Feb. 22.

MALCOLM'S TRAVELS.

GOULD, KENDALL, & LINCOLN, Boston,

have in press, and will publish about the first of March, Travels in Burmah, Hindostan,

Malaya, Sian, and China, by Rev. Howard Mal-

colm, in 1 vol. 8vo. and 2 vols. 12mo—with a superb map of South-eastern Asia—five steel plate engravings, and nearly 100 wood cuts.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WORK.

It is not a mere diary of events which befel the traveller, but contains thousands of facts, dates, numbers, prices, &c. &c., which are either original, or gleaned from sources not accessible in this country.

Incidents, anecdotes, and scenes have been freely introduced; but only such as tend to make the reader better acquainted with the country.

The most perfect impartiality is shown in every sect of Christians, and such details given of the various Missions, as will make the work equally acceptable to every persuasion.

Such sketches are given of the history of the Countries, Town

POETRY.

SONNET.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.
How fall fame's pillars at the touch of time!
How fade, like flowers, the memories of the dead!
How vast the grave that swallows up a clime!
How dim the light by ancient glory shed!
One generation's clay enwraps the next,
And dead men are the alment of earth;
"Fading away," is Nature's funeral text,
Unterred coverts with creation's birth.
What though 'tis certain that my humble name,
With this frail body, shall soon find a tomb?
It seeks a haven't, not as earthly fane,
Which through eternity shall brightly bloom:
Write it within thy Book of Life, O Lord,
And in "the last great day," a golden crown award!

WHICH IS THE WEALTHIEST?

The interview,
My friend Eugenio thus described to me:
"He led me to a terrace, whence the eye,
Drank in a boundless prospect—hill and dale,
Meadows and corn fields. 'See'st thou,' said he,
'Yon distant farm, just where the river bends,
Well, that mine; and this way dost thou see
A small white cottage—that is likewise mine :
Each bounds my estate—the intervening lands
Are all my own, and I must fain confess,
I think that few have better.' Eugenio smiled.
"See'st thou," he said "you village? Dwelling there
In a thatch'd hovel, lives a widow, poor indeed
In this world's wealth, a barley cruse sometimes,
With water, all her meal, yet, she can boast
Richer possessions." "Why, what can she say?"
'Sir, she can say, I'm rich, for Christ is mine!
I think her wealth superior?"

This was Eugenio's tale, and often since,
I've thought about the widow and her wealth:
And when I see the rich and titled ones
Roll by in their voluptuousness, I think
How very poor are they, compared to her
Who dwelt in her thatched hovel, and my prayer
Reckless of gold, and gems, and palaces,
Asks but the widow's wealth.—May Christ be mine!

From the Emancipator.

THE STOLEN BOY—A HISTORICAL FACT.

Peace long had hovered round the home
Of Afric's noble son;Dispelling care and frightful gloom,
Which other hearts had wrung.

The only pledge—a happy child
Clasped in his mother's arms;
Told o'er histales, and sweetly smil'd,
Proud of his native charms.

Then bounding forth, he waved his hand,
And sought the cooling shade—
Where met a jovial little band,
And 'neath the palm trees play'd.

How proudly beat each little heart!
And tiny but they reared;
And, ranged in simple native art,
Each shining shell appeared.

But lo! another scene behold,
A mother's form is near;
Alone she stands, with grief untold,—
The white man's track is here!

With tearful eyes one glance she threw,
Far o'er the refluent wave,
When, lo! her boy appeared in view,
And loudly cries, "Oh, save!"—

But look! another scene appears,—
Beside a dark ship lies
A native boat, and pearly tears
Stream from a father's eyes:

Then raising in his trembling hand,
His gold, and jewels rare,
"Take, white man, all, and loose those bands,
My child from slavery spare."

They took his wealth—and chained him too,
Close by his prattling boy;
"My father, Oh! I'll cling to you,"
He said, and wept for joy.

On FREEDOM'S proud and boasted soil,
Next moves a sickly band—
They drag their chains, they sweat, they toil—
Slaves on Columbia's land.

New York, Feb. 1830, MRS. LIDIA BAXTER.

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Transcript.

RHINOPLASTIC OPERATION.

Dr. J. M. Warren has recently performed a second successful operation for the restoration of the nose. In this instance the patient was a female, about 27 years of age, belonging to the State of Maine. The case exposes the horrible iniquity of medical pretence, and exhibits, in a cheering light, the inestimable blessing of surgical science. We extract the following account from the Medical and Surgical Journal, of this morning:

Thirteen months ago, the patient was urged by an uncle to consult a medical pretender by the name of Nason, of Waterbury, since dead, in consequence of the existence of a small wart, as she denominates it, near the tip of the nose. It was considered a cancerous pimple, which should be dispensed, and the doctor, therefore, advised the application of caustic. This produced a high degree of inflammation, which was so extensive and severe that poultices were used for reducing it. These were continued, it seems a considerable time—for on the fourteenth day after using the caustic, in the act of taking off a poultice, the entire fleshly part of the nose dropped off, close to the bones, producing a shocking and wholly unlooked for calamity. For a young lady, whose features were regular and handsome, in the prime of life, health, hope and enjoyment, nothing could have been so disastrous or painfully distressing as a facial deformity of this character. On seeking further advice from the same source, she was told, by way of encouragement, that the organ would grow on again, and eventually be perfectly restored. Having waited thirteen months, without discovering any indications of a reproduction of the nose, and having read in the newspapers an account, which was ex-

tracted from this journal, of a successful rhinoplasty operation in Boston, she came to this city for surgical advice. This was in August last; but for some reason she returned home, and again arrived in Boston early in November. Every thing being in readiness, on the 7th of November, Dr. J. M. Warren commenced the operation by taking a large triangular piece of skin from the middle of the forehead, which was detached, except a small strip between the eyes. The broad flap, on being reversed, was necessarily twisted in the narrow part. The edges about the locality of the original nose, were pared, and the edges of the transposed material for the new one nicely adjusted in all directions, and secured by ligatures instead of pins. Keenly as the unfortunate patient must have suffered—it was not the work of a moment, but a slow process, to fit one part to another: she never manifested the slightest indications of uneasiness. Such is the fortitude of females. Finally, the best part of the narration may be expressed in a few lines. Everything worked kindly; the new nose knit by the first intention, and the nostrils and wings are well turned, and promise to go on improving in appearance. We called upon the heroic patient the other day, and found her sitting in a comfortable great chair at the breakfast table, free from pain, the inflammation having subsided, and in a fair way of soon being in a condition to return to her friends. This is truly another triumph of science and art, in the restoration of that essential feature of the face, on which expression and articulation necessarily depend. The patient came here an object of disgust to herself, and exciting the deep sympathy and commiseration of all who chanced to see her; but she leaves Boston, living monument of the boundless resources of human ingenuity, with a deep feeling of gratitude towards God and the surgeon, not to be expressed, and only to be felt, in full force, in the secret recesses of woman's heart.

REV. JOHN SMALLEY.

Deported this life on Monday the 11th day of Feb. 1830 the Rev. Henry Smalley A. M. Pastor of the Baptist Church at Cohansey New Jersey, in the 74th year of his age. He was born October 23d, 1765, in Middlesex county, near New Brunswick. He entered Queen's college (now Rutgers') at an early period, and from thence was transferred to Nassau Hall, where he graduated in the year 1786. The venerable John Whitherspoon D. D., at that time presided over this renowned institution of learning. Of his classmates two only linger upon the shores of time. Maturinus Livingston of N. Y., and Dr. Charles Smith of New Jersey. Soon after this event, the subject of our obituary notice was licensed to preach the gospel, by the Church at Piscataway, and ordained in the year 1790 as the Pastor of the Church at Cohansey, by the Rev. Samuel Jones, D. D., of Lower Dublin, Penn., and Rev. Mr. Miller of his native State. Soon after, he was united in marriage with Hannah Fox, a mother in Israel. She was his solace and stay, until about 3 years since, when she departed in faith and in full assurance of a glorious resurrection. For half a century, he exercised his ministry in this ancient branch of Zion.

A TOUCH STONE.

We hope ever to be on one side of religion—pure and undefiled: A poor mortal of yesterday, strangely compounded of power and weakness, who cherishes no aspirations towards the God who made him, is an object of pity. A denizen of the nineteenth Christian century, whose heart has never been kindled with the fire that glowed in a certain "upper room," which has blazed forth in a visible emblem to the dwellers in Jerusalem, is a poor starveling in God's paradise—blind, ragged, and wretched, amidst unspeakable beauty and riches. To rescue from such blindness and poverty is a noble work. God-speed to all who are heartily engaged in it. Let no one charge us with want of respect for religion, then, when we say we fear much of this work is but ill done: Our hearts sink within us when we think how many of our devout worshippers, how many of our solemn and interesting prayer-meetings, how many of our tear-shedding revivals, might be turned into mere poison-weed gardens, or hot-beds of spiritual pride, by the application of a very simple test. It might be very wrong to apply it, but that is not the question. We will now just suppose it to be applied by the providence of God. The test would be this: let there come into the assembly where the current religion is achieving its most glorious triumphs, a decent, serious, well-dressed, well-behaved, black person, and take a vacant seat somewhere about the centre, and there sit as would a white person.

What a pandemonium heart rising! Ay, why would not scorching fires of the pit lick up all the tears in that congregation? Would not they standard-bearers of religion, ministering between God and the soul, express their regret, if not their indignation, at such an "outrage"! so interesting a time—forgetting to thank God for a test of their work this side of the judgment? Plenty of seasons there would be afterwards to account for, if not to justify, the unlimited "excitements" into which the meeting was thrown—"rude intrusions upon established-habits," "violation of custom," "contempt of national feeling," and the like. But all this only shows the virulence of the disease, and it was to cure just such diseases that the Christian religion was brought into the world. Alas! when we think of such a touch-stone, we sadly feel that religion has not done her work among us. Surely, if we had any right apprehensions of the infinite God above us, we should feel pretty much on a level with our fellow creatures—too much so to take offence at complexion. It is only when we are worshipping Custom that we can notice such slight inequalities. If you say such would not be the effect of the touch-stone, try and see. We shall rejoice to be proved a libeller. If you say the disease is incurable, remember you are charging the blame upon your Maker.

Human Rights.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

We copy the following from the Charles S. C. Observer. We have long known that an effort has been made by the authorities of that State, to sustain their College, under the influences of infidelity. The experiment has resulted as any one might have predicted—it is a failure: the portion of the community who educate their sons, generally choose to have their morals guarded; if the Christians of the community disown an institution, it cannot well succeed.—*Chr. Panoply.*

In this State Infidelity has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. For at least, ten years, the South Carolina College had every advantage of trying the experiment. The patronage of the State was bountifully lavished upon it. Each successive Governor, in his annual messages to the Legislature, mentioned it with approbation, and commended it to the continued confidence and support of the Representatives of the people. Its President and Professor were reputed to possess superior talents and fitness for their station. But notwithstanding all these advantages—advantages which few Institutions in the land possess in so ample a measure, the College declined with rapid strides. And the secret of it all was, that it was under the immediate government and instruction of men who were deeply imbued with infidel sentiments. At least the predominant influence in the College was hostile to revealed religion. And hence was a bright came over it. It had not the confidence of the people. It could not regulate itself. There was disorder within, and distrust without.

But a change was effected. The old officers despairing of success, resigned their several stations, and others were selected to fill their places—it was, however, quite another class of men. The vacant chairs, where infidelity had been taught by inuendo, were occupied by those who had the fear of God before their eyes, and his honor near their heart.—And the result is, that there is now order where there was misrule—And the result is, that the number of students have increased fourfold. All who have been in the habit of visiting the Institution, mark the contrast, and attribute the change to the proper cause—to the decided Christian influence which its President and Professors exert.

THE GRIEVANCE.

Follow Citizens there is such a thing as insult. A man may spit in your face, or empty slops upon your head as you pass under his window, and the grievance shall be two-fold: 1. The physical discomfort, more or less, considered a part from its cause. 2. The insult—mental injury, produced by the whole thing as a matter of design. Possibly there may be natures so admirably callous as not to be sensible of the latter; but we apprehend they are exceptions. If a man were to go about with a piece of chalk writing *thief* on the coat of every merchant, and *wolf* on the coat of every minister, it might cost but little to brush it off; but we think the word would be called a *grievance*, and its author a *misraider*.

Now the slaveholders have taken it into their heads to write HYPOCRISY, if capital letters, on the forehead of this nation. And if we endeavor to wash it off, they say, "Oh, what is that to you? It don't hurt you. It is no thing that you need care about at all. It is no GRIEVANCE."

We maintain that slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, are the greatest of grievances to every sincere republican, inasmuch as they are the greatest possible INSULTS. They spit in the face of our republicanism, ride it on a rail, and burn it in effigy, for the amusement of arbitrary potentates. A district is set apart, where a government based on equal rights shall establish justice for a wide empire, shall punish piracy on the high seas, shall exhibit a model for the imitation of the world, and it is made the very focus of a piracy which were death on the ocean. Suppose the captain and crew of some low, rakish looking schooner, after having fattened upon the blood and gold of our honest commerce, should be hard pressed by our cruiser, and run up the Potowmack. Would it not be a strange thing if they should be allowed to set up their business in the District of Columbia, and openly prey upon the slaves, liberty, and property of these fellow citizens? Yet this is precisely what has been done by the slave-trade. A trade which Congress has declared piracy upon the ocean, between us and foreign countries, and which it has equal power to declare piracy by municipal license, under the windows of the Capitol! The ships, and chains, and dungeons of this hellish traffic, are exposed to the view of our free representatives—ay, the chains are clanged, and the whips are cracked in their faces—and they are told that they shall say nothing of the matter, and that the petitions of their constituents about it shall not be read nor considered, &c.

There is such a thing as pocketing insults till a man shall think his pockets were made for nothing else. To this pass most of our northern representatives seem to have arrived. They seem perfectly insensible to the disgrace which redounds to themselves from their legislative relation to this horrible system.

But, fellow citizens, this disgrace is not the less real—and it redounds over from your representatives to YOU. Weigh, measure, fathom this disgrace to YOU. Take it up as the inheritance of your children. You have heard of sundries—that is not all. Tears are not only fluid shed by the slave-trade. It is the means of supply for a system of wholesale MURDER. Look at the last census. Compare the slave with the free colored population in respect to longevity. You will find a deficiency of more than 300,000 lives in the advanced ages among the slaves! Yet they increase as fast. The slaveholders of Virginia and Maryland—fellow craftsmen of our honorable ambassador at the Court of St. James,—continue to make up, and more than make up, for the waste of the cotton and sugar plantations. With ceaseless industry they stimulate the springs of human population to conceal and cover up the perpetual harvest made by a system of toil, whose only reward is FEAR. Foul and horrible war upon humanity! Will you count it no grievance to you that its head quarters are pitched in the very birth place of those laws under which you hold all that is dear to you as an American citizen? Shall it be no grievance to you, that your public servants shall be sent to a school where the standing lesson shall be, that the Declaration of their country's Independence is a rhetorical flourish?

A very singular case of murder occurred a few days ago at a shooting match in Pittsylvania county Va. A Mr. Abner C. Spencer said to one William Hamilton—"you never can hit the mark." "I can hit a rascal though," replied Hamilton, "raising his rifle and shooting Spencer through the neck. He died in 16 hours.

DEMOCRACY. A new democratic newspaper has been commenced in New Orleans by the late editors of the New Orleans Bee, which was sold out for thirty three thousand dollars, and converted into a whig paper.

The Baltimore Sun mentions the death, by suicide, of Lieut. Wallace, of the navy, who destroyed himself by swallowing a large quantity of corrosive sublimate, in despair at his rejection by a lady to whom he paid his addresses.

THE MURDERER LOUGEL.—Joseph Lougel, the German who murdered Mr. Rapp, in July 1837, was executed on the 12th inst. at Buffalo, Governor Seward having denied the application from Buffalo for a commutation of the sentence. The following are extracts from the Governors reply:

"The facts in the case may be briefly stated thus. An intimacy had existed several months between the prisoner and Mrs. Rapp. The deceased disapproved of this intimacy, and as it was calamitous result leaves

no doubt, with just cause. But being a man evidently of peaceful disposition, he contented himself, for ought that appears, with expressions of his dissatisfaction. On Monday, the 10th of July, 1837 Rapp was brought from his barn into his house, severely wounded in the head, and insensible. It was said by his wife, and believed by his family and his friends, that this injury had been received from the kick of a horse.—Although the wounds were supposed mortal, he gradually recovered, and on Friday morning walked about his room and was believed altogether out of danger. In this state of convalescence he suddenly died, and was buried. Suspicion went abroad, and after the lapse of about a week, the body was disinterred and underwent a post mortem examination. It then appeared that death had been produced, not by the wounds of the head, but by strangulation. The prisoner and his paramour, Rapp's wife, were arrested; and the prisoner subsequently confessed his guilt and accused his accomplice.—His account of the transaction is substantially this. That he and Mrs. Rapp had held several consultations about killing Rapp, which resulted in an agreement on his part, several nights previous to the first attack, to execute that purpose. In pursuance of this agreement, he went on one occasion to Rapp's house, but returned without making an attempt. On the Sunday night previous to the first assault, he renewed his promise, and prepared himself with a weapon. On Monday morning he way-laid Rapp as he was entering the stable, felled him to the ground, and after inflicting several blows, left him, supposing him to be dead.

During Rapp's convalescence, the prisoner was daily in conversation with Mrs. Rapp about "finishing" his horrid work. On Tuesday night he slept under Rapp's roof; she visited his bed several times, urging him to the murderer, alleging that "if he was ever to do any thing, he must do it then, for her husband was getting well, and would soon be so strong that they could do nothing with him." After a night thus spent, the prisoner and Mrs. Rapp went into Rapp's room. Mrs. Rapp after attempting to irritate her husband, pushed the prisoner upon him. The prisoner "took Rapp by the throat and held him until he was dead," the wife at the same time assisting, by pressing upon the body of her husband.

Such is the prisoner's history of the transaction. A murder more foul in its origin and motives, or more atrocious in its circumstances, has seldom been committed in this or any other country.

Painful as is the responsibility cast upon me by this application, I am satisfied that it cannot be granted without establishing a precedent which will leave the Executive without the power to withhold its clemency in almost every instance where the law prescribes capital punishment."

HOW SLAVERY EXALTS ANY PEOPLE.

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.—Some remarkable facts are stated in the Message of the Governor of Virginia, showing an unexpected degree of ignorance among the people of that ancient commonwealth. He says, that of 4,682 applicants in 1817 for marriage licenses, 1,187, or nearly one-fourth, were unable to write their names. In 1827, of 5,048 applicants, 1,166 could not write, and in 1837, of 4,614 applicants, 1,047 were unable to write. This shows but small increase of the blessings of education among the people of that State. All the applicants were males, and the Governor supposes that education is more generally diffused among that sex than among the females. The Governor recommends some material change in the school system.

Washington Statesman.

The Rev. Mr. Brooks, of Hingham, having been elected Professor of Natural History, in the University of the city of New York, asked a dissolution of his pastoral relations. In granting his request his people voted unanimously the most commendatory notices of his talents and worth. We understand he will visit Europe for objects connected with his new office.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT FROM FIRE.—A little girl about seven years old, the daughter of Christopher Gooding of Hopkinton, was dreadfully burnt on Sunday afternoon, 26th ult., in consequence of her clothes taking fire. She was left alone by her parents, who had gone to church; the shrieks of the little sufferer alarmed a neighbor, who had the presence of mind, unusual in such cases, to put a table cloth about the body of the child, and thus smothered the flame. She was severely burnt; and the effect will make her a cripple for life.

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The Baltimore papers contain an advertisement, stating that a colored man named John Thomas, who says he is free, and was born and brought up in Boston, has been committed to jail in that city, as a runaway slave. He is described as very much pitted with small pox, 5 feet 6 inches high, 39 to 35 years old, and has lost the third finger of his right hand. If he is not speedily released, "he will be sold for the payment of charges.

STATE ACTION AGAINST SLAVERY. The Charleston Mercury, of Feb. 7, has espoused a new source of danger to the sublime institution. "The chief danger now is, not from Congressional action, but from Anti-Slavery State Action." Such a hint should not be lost upon those free States in which Slavery is regarded as a national evil.—Here is a line of action pointed out by the defenders of slavery, telling us of a point in their lines which is entirely defenceless. The Slave States are so dependent that they would not dare to trample on